



Ore-Cutts

Come join us on Saturday, 10AM-3PM June 9th at Pioneer Park, at 1000 W Foster Road, Santa Maria for our B-B-Q/Potluck Semi-annual meeting. The club provides the meat and garlic bread, you bring a favorite dish to share, your drinks and table setup. You should also bring a table and seat cover, as the birdies are indiscreet. This is a great afternoon of socializing with like-minded folks; there is a playground for the kids. This is a well-shaded spot with lots of trees, and restrooms nearby.

Bring rocks for the silent auction-clear out from your yard all the rock you collected too much of, and come prepared to purchase what someone else has extra.

Silver Lining: From a Talk by Wes Lingerfelt April 2007

Wayne Mills, Ore-Cutts Staffer

Because Wes Lingerfelt is a member of the National Lapidary Hall of Fame in the Jewelry category, he was asked to present a talk on *Silversmithing* at our April Meeting.

“There are many facets to doing silverwork, but the most important of these is learning to solder” Wes started off. Of course it helps to have the right tools as well. Some of the important tools that he mentioned are included on the following list.

- Jeweler’s saw (blade serrations slant toward the handle-cut on the down-stroke)
- “Helping hand” tool to hold the pieces to be soldered, Bezel pusher, Pliers: flat and round nosed, Cutters, Ring clamp, Micro-torch, (Silver) Polish cloth, Lap cloth (to catch falling jewel items,) Pickle compound (dilute sulfuric acid, preferably in dry form such as Rio Pickle from Rio Grande Jewelry Supply), Fire Brick, EZ paste solder, A jeweler’s

bench with a place for a jeweler’s “V” block helps too, especially when you are sawing a piece of silver sheet.

-Other important “tools” include a slotted 2x4 to hold rings while you are working on them, and a piece of closed cell Styrofoam that you can push pieces into while they are drying.

One important point made by Wes was never to put metal other than silver or copper in the pickle solution. It will turn your silver red!

Another piece of advice is “cleanliness is...” well, the best way to assure that your two pieces of metal will stick together” (assuming that you have the right solder).

One of the projects that Wes did was to put a bezel on an irregular shaped cabochon. He cleaned the wire, then wrapped the (flat) bezel wire around the piece, and then cut the bezel wire when he thought he had a tight fit. Next, Wes took the piece that had been shaped to just fit around the stone and mounted it in his “helping hand” tool, then soldered the ends together. He then placed the soldered piece in the pickle solution to remove fire scale. Next, he cut a piece of silver sheet to the size of the bezel and soldered them together as before. The next step would be to decide whether to put a bolo backing on the setting, or to solder a Bail on top to make a pendant.

Wes’s next project was to make a ring by soldering shaped silver wire onto a pre- shaped mounting plate. Two projects in 45 minutes, and Wes made it look easy. Wes comes by his talent honestly, as his father was a jeweler in Oklahoma, and Wes has been practicing this facet of his hobby for more than 50 years. So there’s still hope—if one lives long enough.

DIGGING IN THE FOG OF TIME

Ralph Bishop, Honorary Member, OMS

For the past three years starting in late October of each year, I had followed the Weather Channel through the winter months, waiting for a weather sequence to begin that would signal the onset of extreme weather of the most troubling kind. For three mild winters my frustration grew with every winter moon. Sure, there were other locations with very desirable material, but none were more compelling, none were more elusive than the resting place of the ancient ones. While out hunting during the full moons' reflection, on those ethereal lunar excursions, I would hear their distant calls through the fog of time. I could hear their echoes the last time I dug fire oysters on the spine of that East trending ridge above Indian Valley. Their plaintive howls amid the sounds of forlorn panic haunted me. Likewise, on a brisk clear moon, digging shark teeth at Bakersfield, they called to me like the Siren's Call to a sailor. "We have slept 12,000 years in wait for you to bring us back to the light of day".

The last two trips, though well planned, had ended up in failure. I had been defeated by the peculiar nature of the rock formation that held the remains of the ancient ones, the most vibrant faunal assemblage that ever lived in California. This time, failure was not an option, and after much consternation and thought, I added extreme weather to the equation for success.

So it was, that fateful winter season, that we had substantial early rains. And by late November a blush of green sprouted on the hillsides that received winter sun. Early moisture...the first domino in the equation was in place and ready to fall. I watched the Weather Channel religiously, keeping a log of pertinent temperatures from Sacramento to Maricopa, confident that the weather was the key to open Pandora's Box. I had waited years pondering those lunar echoes. From my preliminary days' excavations, it appeared I had found a mortality stratum rich in bones. Bones that were able to speak through the ages of a time, not so long past, of an environment much more dynamic than the one we live in today. By mid-December a temperature pattern in the San Joaquin Valley had stabilized. The nighttime temperature remained chilly while the daytime temps slowly rose. The age-old dance had begun, and if my hunch was right, I might have a window of opportunity lasting from 2 to 4 days. After 3 years of echoes I wasn't going to miss my date with destiny. It was incumbent on me using all my strength, both physical and intuitive, to bring the mega fauna back into the light of day.

My truck was packed, checked and rechecked with a nervousness born of both confidence and apprehension. On the 4th day it rose in Stockton, by the 5th day the blanket reached Fresno. The time to strike was now, and a memorable strike it would be. My wife and kids and my

mother all talked nervously about my obsession and the building apprehension. They all, in their own way, tried to dissuade me from going. This was the worst time of the year if you wanted to disappear into the western foothills of the San Joaquin Valley. I'd cheated the devil so many times in my life that my odds were getting leaner, my son suggested. My wife was concerned about the \$1200 that I wouldn't be bringing home if I wasted my time digging fossils for 3 days. On top of normal concerns, I was just starting to recover from the worst chest cold I had ever had. My chest was sore from a persistent cough, but I had waited three long years. Even against my own better judgment, I had to go. Mom took a deep breath of faith and prayed that God would send an appropriate number of Guardian angels to keep me from harm. In retrospect, it was that prayer that allowed me to satisfy my long-building desire, and safeguard myself from the attendant exuberance.

I was loaded for bear that morning as I turned north on US 101. Rush Limbaugh entertained me over the Cuesta Grade, and before I knew it, I turned toward the San Joaquin Valley. It didn't take long for the Oaks, Sycamores and Willows to thin out and disappear and soon all I saw was rolling rounded hills with a scant growth of last years' grass. I was headed into a maze of tracks and gullies that, especially at this time of year, all looked the same. The road signs were all indicative of the type of place I was going to spend some time...Bitter Water Valley, Lost Hills, Devils Den. I was in the Den when I turned off of CA 33 and headed West up a barely visible two-track. The only reason I could be sure it was the right one was because of the road sign directly across the highway. You could barely make out the names, McKittrick and Taft, and the mileage noted on it, as numerous shotgun blasts had created an expression of the local culture. It is the expression of Redneck folk art, probably denoting young men's frustration at the lack of social interaction in this jackrabbit and kangaroo rat paradise. Seven miles in, I turned north, up a wide gully that soon turned into a narrow dogleg with steep eroded mud walls which, in 400 feet, led me to another dogleg and back into what appeared to be the same broad gully. It *was* the same gully and had been offset 400 feet by the earth movements. I had just crossed the San Andreas Fault. The two-track was straddling both the Pacific Plate on the West and the North American Plate on the East. The deposit I was about to challenge was created by the dynamics of the fault and concealed by the maze of gullies created by its constant motion. As I neared the digging hole there appeared to the East a broad view of the San Joaquin Valley. The gentle gradient was imperceptible, without any visible landform, and seemed to disappear into the haze in the valley. This was truly "Secret Canyon," I thought as I stretched my legs, and sure enough the spare shovel and boxes of 3-year-old

newspapers were still in the corner of the hole, half covered with blow sand.

It was mid-afternoon and the sun was bright in the cloudless sky, a more pleasant warm day one could not ask for, the second domino in the equation of impending doom. Having got to the area in good time, I poked around, moving my working camp to the low margin of a circular mound about 40 yards in diameter and 30 feet high in an otherwise flat, never ending, western slope. There was a linear hole about 30 feet long and 4 feet deep at the head wall. The first 2 feet was yellow buff silt on blow sand as fluffy as face powder. Below that, in stark contrast, was a solid block wall of asphalt the consistency of roofing tar. It was at this isolated spot that the San Andreas, a deep-seated fault on the Pacific Plate boundary, had sheared a subterranean pool of oil. Over millions of years, every time the area experienced a major earthquake, excess pressure from below forced the viscous crude oil upward along the fault to erupt on the surface like a "Tar Volcano". The lowest level of the exposed cone of tar could date the material on the surface. The fossils found here, known as the La Brea Mega fauna, are between 12 and 20 thousand years old. The ages of the fossils below the ground can only be guessed at, but probably run into the millions of years. A reconnoiter near the top of the dome showed what appeared to be fairly recent flows possibly from the 1869 Fort Tejon and 1906 San Francisco temblors. But time was passing, and I knew I must be 100% prepared when it came. I could feel it in my barometric knee. I finished the set back on the overburden, 5 feet by 9 feet, finding the tar at the back of the hole higher in elevation but weathered and decomposed into a granular state. This made it easy to establish a flat top to the product layer that I was going to remove. In the granular layer I noticed a few spongy areas and on the east side of the hole, a large number of 1 to 2 inch long, bullet-shaped water beetles. Their black shiny wing covers were quite noticeable, but being in the granular tar area, they had decomposed. Everything you find in fossil strata adds a page of information to the mystery of years past and I try, as best I can, not to miss anything. Even the smallest clue can assist you in either your rate of production or in scientific understanding of the deposit. The large water beetles were evidence that at the time of their death there was water standing above the tar, possibly a lake. In California, where the many faults cut sedimentary rock at depth, there are many more tar seeps than one would think. These seeps were of great interest to the Native Americans, and later to the Spanish culture, but they were devoid of fossils. But you add water in the form of a lake or stream channel and you have a recipe for a mortality stratum. Up until this find there were only 3 places in the state where tar laden with bones had been discovered. The first and most famous is the La Brea Tar Pit near Los Angeles. Two more were

discovered further North at Maricopa and McKittrick. All three others were found to have been fresh-water lakes that concealed the quicksand-like tar. Around the margins of these lakes were death traps waiting for the unwary animal to step one foot too far from shore.

The sun had dropped to a low angle now, and the reflection off the snow pack of the Sierras was spectacular. They seemed like islands floating above the gloomy gray mist shrouding the lower valley and the ever-darkening sky above. I sat on the edge of the hole soaking up the beauty and sharpening my axes, when I saw it out of the corner of my eye. It was way out to the Northeast, but the unmistakable white low glint shinning in the evening sun, clinched it. It was a matter of time now. It was coming, and nothing on God's earth could stop it. I had encountered it before and could not shake the discomfort of losing all my bearings. I was unnerved, as any reference to reality would disappear in the cold shroud. As the sun dropped so did the temperature, so I felt compelled to start the excavation.

There was a layer of rounded river cobbles just under the surface of the tar bench. This layer had to be removed, but it was a real pain. Literally! I stood on top of the bench and dropped the pick into the tar face below the cobble zone. Clang! The pick struck a cobble stuck hard in the tar. The sound rang over the silent grassland and the concussion ran through the steel pick, up the handle and stung my hands. Yeow! After shaking off the initial sting, I was successful in getting under the cobble and popping the cobble layer out. It was a struggle though, just as it was the last time I was here years ago. I had learned the hard way that the slightest warmth, even sunlight, affected the tar layer in a devilish manner. Like no other rock I have ever dug, this material softened to the point where, when the point of the pick sunk in it was stuck, and I mean stuck, and when you try to pop out even a small chunk it holds as if it were elastic. Only in the coldest weather without the sun's interference could this tar be worked successfully. It was getting colder though so production would be improving. I went to the truck and changed into my long johns.

My hands still stung from the occasional strike on the river cobbles. The cobbles were a damnable problem but they lent another piece to the puzzle. They spoke of a strong flash flood at the time of their deposition. This oil death trap then could have been part of a stream channel. Come to think of it, water bugs are more prone to moving water. As I turned to return to the hole I noticed that below the gray, the white glow now extended as far as the eye could see and it was creeping closer. It wouldn't be long now; I knew that there would be no reference to today or tomorrow, only yesterday. I would be lost in the fog of time. And for the duration the only things I would be able to see or touch would be the members of the Ice Age Mega Fauna. I would be there in the panic and

listening to the howls, the echoes of which I heard on Oyster Ridge: the sirens' call of the saber-toothed cats and *Pantera atrox*, the largest cat that ever lived, the packs of huge Dire Wolves snapping and growling around the impenetrable hulk they called *Megatherium*, a ground Sloth 18 feet at the shoulders. There were mammoths that dwarfed the camels and horses that ran in huge herds across the rich grasslands and lakeshores. Sharing their space were *Eucatherium*, a Shrub Ox and *Bison latifrons*, whose horn tips were 6 feet apart. And there were bears, monstrous Cave Bears that were as big as the Sloths, and a short faced bear with a leaner build and legs like a mule. As I reached the hole I could see the shroud less than a half-mile away. Although the sun was down, its reflection off the top of the fog bank brightened the area like the noonday sun. The daytime haze had been assimilated into the rising tide of Tule Fog. The night air above the fog was clear as a bell, and with the sundown the chill in the air became extreme so I picked up my axe and started to chop an elongated notch to use as a guide on the perimeter of the 4-foot by 3-foot bank of tar I intended to remove in one piece. Trying to work the face piecemeal, like I did on my first trip, was disastrous. Taking small pieces of matrix only served to shatter the bones. There seemed no other remedy than to take out large blocky pieces and transport them to be worked later under controlled conditions. So my evening's job was to cut a perimeter notch as narrow as possible 18 inches down to the bottom of the bone bearing tar layer. At that point a layer of blow sand occurred and the tar block could be barred loose and rolled out of the hole. *Wait a minute! Did I read him right a few sentences ago...Chop with an axe?* As strange as it might seem, yes. Whereas in the warmth of the day the tools stuck in the tar, in the bitter cold the axe cut the tar much as it would a piece of Oak wood. The tar turned brittle, almost like Obsidian, and with every other corresponding swing of the axe, chips flew out. I concentrated on the first 6 inches of the narrow cut, notching and cleaning, but in the back of my mind, and out of the corner of my eye, I could see the tide rising stark and white. As I reached the far end of the notch, an unfortunate swing blew a fair sized flake off the face of the tar bank. Disappointed, I picked up the flake and tuned it over. There in the black tar were the shiny impressions of a set of opposing molar teeth and above that a white circle of bone. I wrapped it and groped my way over to the face of the tar bank. There in the face were 4 sets of yellowed white ivory teeth, and above them what seemed to be an eye socket. The teeth were very distinct and easy to identify. It was a horse skull. I was transported back to the Ice Age when a young horse walked up to a widened area of a creek channel. There were water-worn cobbles along the banks brought in by flash floods. There were big water beetles swimming around spongy masses of water plants. All seemed well so the horse stepped

forward, front feet just beyond the waters edge. As he leaned forward to drink, the weight on his front hooves bore down, and they sank in the mud a little—nothing unusual. But after finishing his drink he had a hard time pushing off to back up. One hoof settled and stuck. The startled horse swung into a panic, but thrashing with his free hooves only served to sink the mired hoof deeper. The horse knew full well of the packs of wolves and the solitary cats that patrolled the margins of the creeks and ponds constantly looking for an opportunistic meal. As he thrashed and screamed his other front hoof broke through the pond's mud bottom and broke when he landed on his side in the water. Was this the panic that echoed over the hills of Parkfield, and that I heard on Oyster Ridge? If it was, the wolves were not far behind.

All of a sudden it was upon me. The fog cascaded into the hole. I stood upright. The sky was clear, stars shown bright and the Sierras stood out in the night sky, their white snow pack shown bright. But around me the tide of fog engulfed the hole, rising in rapid fashion

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

Jewelers Unite!

Wayne Mills, Ore-Cutts Staff

Please remember that all of our jewelers are invited to bring in three pieces of their best work to our July meeting (July 9) for show and tell. Members are requested to make sure their three pieces will fit on an 8-inch square. Who knows, you might even get an order or two!

BIG SANDY CREEK ADVENTURE

By Wes Lingerfelt

Sharon Duncan & DeeDee Magri searching Big Sandy



It was on the 5th of May 2007 that the Orcutt Mineral Society had planned a field trip to Big Sandy by stopping in on the land caretaker to get permission to visit the wonderful array of rocks waiting in the creek. It was a go for the 12th of May. There was a lot of consternation about whether the weather would be bearable and not cook us alive. On the great day we awoke to a mild forecast with a marine layer blanketing the coastal valleys. The plan was to take

off at 7:30 AM from Nipomo and meet the first travelers at the Inn-Out Burger in Atascadero. We arrived at the appointed time to find Kincy Scott waiting for us (Joyce was worried about the possibility of a scorcher out in the mountains so she stayed home). Also there waiting for us was a candidate new member by the name of Donna Sweet and her son Argus (I'd guess at about 5 or 6 years old). We tried to grab a bite to eat but the burger stand was still closed. We then made off to San Miguel to meet up with the rest of the gang arriving about 9AM. We purchased a breakfast Burrito and coffee for energy while waiting for some latecomers to arrive. The Burrito was very yummy on the tummy much to my surprise.

We made it to Salty and Kelly Tapper's place about 10 AM to a cool breeze and mild temperature, which didn't get above 67 degrees the entire day. The weather couldn't have been better for searching the creek. The rock hounds descended on the creek like ants heading for a picnic. It was a real treat to see the potential Pebble Pup (Argus) taking a few swings at a big rock in the creek. He was pounding away by hitting it right dead center. Seeing a chance to help the little tyke get off on the right foot I walked over and said, "Hey little guy, let me show you how to do that". I took his hammer and clipped a piece off the edge and he was delighted as he picked it up and said to his mom "Hey, Mom look at this!" I talked to the mom for a few minutes and invited them to the OMS picnic in June. They hopefully will attend and get to know more of our club members. With that I mosied on down the creek looking for that special sphere rock. It didn't take long until I spotted one just big enough to fit into the back pouch of my Ammo carrying bag. "Darn", I said. "Now I have to cart this thing all the way back to the truck (about a ¼ mile)". You know it has to be a pretty special rock to earn that journey as at my age it gets harder every year to cart something that far. It was a good thing the weather was perfect so it didn't wring too much sweat out of me. By the time I arrived back at the truck among the shade trees there was no one in sight. I knew there was activity down in the creek due to the sound of rocks being chipped in a multitude of locations around me. It was obvious that people were enjoying themselves. Placing the big rock (soon to be sphere) into the truck I ate a little more of the Burrito and drank a cool refreshing bottle of water. Then it was off to the creek again. I met up

with Geary Sheffer (OMS Board member) and we scoured the creek bed for about a mile heading west. We could see the signs of our fellow hounders by noting the little piles of chert here and there. We knew Brian Shull had been here along with Ralph Bishop. Geary and I continued down the creek enjoying a slow searching pace in the most beautiful creek under a perfect sunlit day. Life was good!

The hours really went by quickly and before we knew it, it was after noon. We decided to return to the truck not nearly as loaded as the first time. We packed up the truck and headed for the caretakers living quarters to have some lunch. My wire-wrapping spouse stayed home to ply her craft but had made some sandwiches for the boys and I to enjoy in the wilderness. They were yummy as well. She included some fresh Strawberries that were close to the size of apples. More yummy treats that everyone at the camp relished. We sat under the shade tree eating lunch as the crew came wandering in from the creek with their treasures. And good treasures they were too. Lots of Jasper and Chert filled the bags they had brought along. This area is the drainage for the famous Stone Canyon Jasper locality so there is plenty of material to choose from. Making that choice can be difficult however. The variety of colors is amazing, covering most of the rainbow colors and many combinations found in it. You have to see it to believe it. While sitting under the trees enjoying the afternoon I heard a screech from inside the hunting camp trailer. Sharon came out a little flustered saying "there's a snake in there!" Brain Shull went to the rescue and caught the little bugger in his hands, letting him go outside. This is a trip Sharon won't soon forget!

We grew tired as the day moved toward dusk so we loaded up the truck and started the journey home. Two of our lady members left before us telling us they had to get to some required event or they would be in trouble. We said our goodbyes and proceeded to round up the piles of rock left along the road by some of the crew. It took over a half hour to find and load them. We traveled the long road along Big Sandy Creek down to where it meets the highway and one of my crew yelled, "Who's that down there in the wash?" It was the two ladies who had told us they had a very important meeting to go to. We pulled up along the wash and jumped out of the truck to see what was so interesting to the two ladies. We spent a good ¾ hour scouring the wash and found several

more good specimens of Jasper and Chert. Of course we had to kibitz the ladies for running out on us as well. We noted that the wash would make another great fieldtrip.

We traveled the 60+ miles home to Nipomo and reloaded the rocks we had found into the trucks of the fellow members of OMS and a guest that rode with me up to the collecting area. We had a great trip and arrived home with plenty of daylight left. Now that's the way to go on a field trip! If you didn't go you really missed a good one.

Those attending this event included the following: From OMS: Ralph Bishop, Geary Sheffer, John Von Achen, Sharon Duncan, DeeDee Magri, Guests: Brian Shull, Donna Sweet, Argus Sweet, From Paso Robles: Pete Duckworth, Cliff Brewen, Alyssa Brewen, Dave Murray, Kincy Scott, And 3 guests (unknown.)

MEMBER PROFILES

Wayne Mills, Ore-Cutts Man on the Street

OMS'S newest member is Bud Burgess. Bud joined the society in April, because he has a desire to learn about rocks. We feel that he came to the right place. Bud was born and raised in Pomona (Home of the Los Angeles County Fair). After graduating from Pomona High School, Bud took classes at nearby Mount San Antonio College, where he may have competed as member of the PHS track team. After a stint in the Naval Reserves, Bud entered active duty as a Navy Frogman, and served three years in various venues before leaving the service and becoming a salvage diver for Vandenberg Air Force Base. There he was involved in diving to recover missiles fired from the base. After about three years at VAFB, Bud went to Fresno State College where he majored in Geography.



With his geography degree in hand, Bud taught the subject at a Fresno area junior high school for about 3 years, then got a job working with PG&E as a lineman. (I am thinking Glen Campbell's "Lineman for the County" here.) He worked for PG&E for 27 years, living in the Kingsburg area near Visalia, before retiring about year ago. He and his wife of 25

years, Linda, moved to the Nipomo Mesa about a year ago, and Bud has been enjoying his retirement ever since. Bud and Linda have two children, Chad—an endodontist in the San Marcos Area, and Amy—an escrow officer.

Bud has been interested in rocks and nature in general, since he was a boy in the Los Angeles area. His interest was renewed after his recent retirement, and he attended his first and only field trip with the club back in March, when the club went to Porter Ranch. While he likes jewelry (check out his belt buckle in the attached picture), he doesn't plan to do lapidary. He DOES like to look for them though, and hopes to find a large chunk of turquoise one day.

Among Bud's other interests, are native plants (he is landscaping his back yard with them), and bicycling (he is a member of the Santa Maria "Tailwinds", a bicycle riding group). Another interesting ability of Buds is that he restores antique farm equipment, including several old vineyard wagons. Sounds like a handy man to have around the house!

Bud is planning future vacations into the Northwest, and Midwest, and hopes to do some rock collecting along the way. He says he doesn't know what to look for, but he is a good finder. We hope that he shares some of his "findings" with us on his return. I am especially looking forward to seeing that 15 pound turquoise nugget!

Rock Quiz

Ore-Cutts Staff

The rock quiz over the last three months has belonged to the Berthelot's. Sandy called on April 30th saying that Paul thought the correct answer for the earliest discovery of gold in America was North Carolina (again). Paul cited a date of 1803, but my information (<http://www.geology.enr.state.nc.us/Gold>) suggested a date four years before that. We will not elaborate on the discovery, as we hear Paul is working on an article about it, but this discovery does mark the beginning of the "Trail of Tears" for the indigenous Cherokee peoples. At our May General Meeting, Paul was awarded a book on the Natural history of North America for his timely, and correct responses.

The question for June is "Where are the largest petrified trees in the world found?"

Next question is "Where is the largest petrified forest?" (And it is NOT in Arizona)

HIGHWAY CLEANUP REPORT

By Wes Lingerfelt

Another successful cleanup was completed on May 19, 2007. The day was bright and warm with sunshine and

there was lots of trash to clean up. We had seven dedicated members in attendance including Don Nasholm, Geary Sheffer, Laura Kasteal, Bud Burgess, Wes & Jeannie along with Marty Lingerfelt. Nothing of real significance was found this trip however, there were a few curious items (unmentionables?) found along the road. One thing we noticed was that Bud Burgess is a real trash hound (vs. rock hound) out on the highway. He was able to gather twice the number of bags of trash over twice the amount of area than any of the rest of the crew. He was truly amazing! We finished off the morning with a social at the Francisco's restaurant in Santa Maria. A big thank you goes to all those assisting in this worthy endeavor.

OMS Strikes Again

Ore-Cutts Staff

We have been informed that 5 OMS members will be recognized at the June 17 Bulletin Editor's Breakfast at the CFMS show in Lancaster. More details will be provided in the July Ore Cutts. The members and categories are: **Deborah Hood** (top 5 new bulletin editors), **Wes Lingerfelt** (top 5 adult articles), **Ralph Bishop** (top 5 adult articles), **Joseph Martinez** (Top 5 Junior articles), **Wayne Mills** (top 3 adult advanced articles). So keep your fingers crossed, and wish us luck! We also received word from AFMS that **Deborah Hood** is in the top 10 New Editors, and **Wayne Mills** the top 10 adult advanced articles, and original poems, nationally! Those final results will be out June 9.

Let It Be(ad)

Wayne Mills, Ore-Cutts Stringer

The earliest beads made by men are arguably shells with holes drilled in them that were found in Blombos Cave in South Africa. These beads date from about 75,000 years before present.

The ancient world was full of wonderful natural materials that could make lovely beads if our ancestors could figure out how to get a hole in them. Softer ones like coral and amber were relative easy because they could be drilled with sharpened chert, but harder materials like amazonite and quartz that were as hard as, or nearly as hard as the material in the drill presented more of a problem to our ancestors.

The problem was obviously overcome a few thousand years ago by some diligent craftsman who produced these amazonite, coral and mother of pearl beads in Morocco. Right: *Amazonite, coral, and nacre (Mother-of-Pearl) beads from Morocco. Picture from [A Universal Aesthetic- Collectible Beads](#)*



One account, [A Universal Aesthetic- Collectible Beads](#) (Robert Liu, 1995) mentions that some hard stones were drilled by tapping a steel punch with a small steel hammer. One inch took three hours! That would make the finished product pretty valuable! (*That is once steel was developed, before that it was just patience that got the job done-Ed.*)

Orcutt Mineral Society Board Meeting

Mussell Sr. Center, Santa Maria, Ca.

2 May 2007

President, Debbie Hood, called the meeting to order at 7:03 p.m.

Board members present were Bob Bullock, Dee Dee Magri, Wayne Mills, Wes Lingerfelt, Mike Henson, Sandy Berthelot and Elaine Von Achen. Guest included Bill Hood and Paul Berthelot.

Wes Lingerfelt read the treasurer's report and it was accepted as read.

Minutes of the previous board meeting were approved as published in the May 2007 newsletter.

Correspondence: Elaine Von Achen reported a letter from American Lands Access reminding us our dues are due. She read a thank you from Hancock College and one from Questa College thanking us for our donation of \$500.00 each for scholarships for this year. We received a newsletter from Capistrano Valley Rock & Mineral.

Committees:

Newsletter: Debbie Hood said that the May newsletter was out on the web on Friday, April 28th and that snail mail went out on Monday, May 1st.

CFMS: Debbie announced that Wayne Mills, Wes Lingerfelt, Joseph Martinez and Ralph Bishop were up for awards for contributions to the newsletter as well as the Ore-Cutts along with its new editor, Debbie Hood.

Education: None

Highway Clean up: Wayne Mills announced the next clean up will be May 19th at 8:00 a.m. meeting at Hwy. US101 and CA166. Wayne will not be able to attend as it conflicts with Dana Adobe Days where he will be the "Old Prospector".

Library: None

Refreshments: None

Scholarship: Wayne Mills said that he will be attending a Dinner & Awards banquet at Alan Hancock College on May 23rd.

Annual Gem Show: Wes Lingerfelt announced 29 paid dealers to date.

Sunshine: Happily there is none.

Field Trips: Bob Bullock said the field trip for May will be held on the 12th and we will be going to Big Sandy. For those in the Santa Maria area we are meeting at the Mussell Senior Center at 7:30 a.m. If you are further north we will be meeting at the Avila Drive & Park at 8:00 a.m.

Political Action Committee: Don Dana has reported that he will be unable to chair this committee after all.

Therefore, we are again looking for someone to accept the position.

Old Business:

Debbie Hood reminded everyone that she is still waiting on some Chairmen for their job descriptions. She also mentioned that she was still trying to decide what to do with Paul Howard's donation of New Zealand Agates.

New Business:

Wes Lingerfelt reported that the Fortress Secure Mini Storage Company is raising the rates from \$150 to \$155 per month for our storage locker. It has been suggested that we might look into another storage company. Wes has agreed to do that.

Wes Lingerfelt also announced that he will be showing at the Bishop show this coming weekend and encouraged anyone who could to attend.

The program for the May General Meeting will be "Stump the Experts". Please bring any rocks that you have been unable to identify and our "Experts" will give it their best shot. Refreshments for the evening will be cake. President, Debbie Hood, adjourned the meeting at 7:39 p.m.

Respectfully submitted:

Elaine Von Achen, Secretary, OMS

Orcutt Mineral Society General Meeting Mussell Sr. Center, Santa Maria CA May 8, 2007

President Debbie Hood called the meeting to order at 7:00 p.m.

Mike Henson gave the invocation.

Joseph Martinez led the flag salute.

We had 34 members and 4 guests. Guests included Donna Lehman, Pat Montague, Rodric Ness and Joshua Simonson.

Minutes: Secretary, Elaine Von Achen did not have the minutes. However they had been printed in the May newsletter, which had gone out the week before and so were approved as published.

Treasurer's Report was given by Wes Lingerfelt and accepted as read.

Correspondence: Elaine Von Achen reported newsletters from Capistrano Valley Rock & Mineral Club, Conejo Gem & Mineral Club and the Santa Cruz Mineral & Gem Society. She also read a letter notifying our members of the 58th Annual Gem & Mineral Show on June 27, 2007 at the Jefferson Co. Fairgrounds in Madras, Oregon. We also received a thank you from Hancock College and one from Cuesta College thanking us for the scholarship donations.

Committee Reports:

Newsletter: Debbie Hood said that the newsletter was out extra early this month. She asked if everyone was receiving his or her newsletter.

CFMS: Debbie Hood announced that the OMS newsletter received 5 awards. Debbie Hood won for New

Editor, Joseph Martinez for Junior Articles Age 5-11 category, Wayne Mills, Ralph Bishop and Wes Lingerfelt.

AFMS: Debbie Hood announced that the OMS won for Best New Editor and Wayne Mills for a story and poem.

Gem Show: Lucky Virgin asked that applications for showcases please be turned in.

Refreshments: Dee Dee Magri reported that the evening's refreshment is cake provided by Elaine Von Achen, Dee Dee Magri, Margaret Henson and Sharon Duncan.

Abused Children: Jan Ferguson said that she had a Mt. Ida Crystal as well as some malachite for the night's raffle.

Sunshine: Happily none.

Annual Dinner: None

Membership: We have received an application from Pat Montague to be voted on at the next board meeting.

Scholarship: It was reported that scholarships have gone out to Hancock and Cuesta College in the amount of \$500.00 each.

Field Trips: Bob Bullock reported a field trip to be held on May 12 to Big Sandy. We will meet at the fire station in San Miguel at 8:30 p.m. (Two blocks No. of the Mission) Wes Lingerfelt agreed to lead the field trip.

Property: None

Library: None

Education: Wayne Mills presented Paul Berthelot with a book, "History of the World", for being the first person to come up with the answer to the quiz question in the bulletin.

Sheriff: None

Highway Cleanup: Next cleanup will be on the 19th of May meeting at 101 and 166. Wayne will not be able to be there and Wes said he will lead the cleanup.

Breakfast: The monthly breakfast get-together will be at the Mayor's Place in Nipomo on Saturday May 12th at 9:00.

Raffle: Wayne Mills reported some of the items of the night's raffle include a jade sphere donated by Lucky Virgin, selenite donated by Dee Dee Magri, a jasper heart, garnet necklace, and some rainforest jasper.

Bar-B-Q: The general meeting for June will be held at Pioneer Park and will be a Bar-B-Q. Members and family are welcome. Meat, bread and beans will be provided. You should bring a dish to share along with your own drinks, table service and table clothe. It will be held on June 9th.

Political Action Committee: We are looking for a chairman for this committee, as Don Dana is unable to chair this committee after all.

Old Business:

Debbie Hood once again reminded committee chairs to please turn in their job descriptions to her. She also said she was accepting ideas for how to award the agates donated by Paul Howard.

The annual CFMS 2007 Convention and Show will be held in Lancaster on June 14-16. If anyone is interested in attending or participating please see Wes Lingerfelt.

New Business:

Wes Lingerfelt said that he had received a letter from Fortress Secure Mini Storage Company and they are raising the rates from \$150 to \$155 per month for our storage locker. We have a 10' x 20' space. It has been suggested that we look into another storage company and Wes has agreed to do that.

The meeting was adjourned at 9:00 p.m.

Respectfully submitted:

Elaine Von Achen, Secretary, OMS



A saw cutting a piece of stone was selected when the first bulletin, ORE-CUTTS (namesake, William Orcutt) was first published in 1966. Member Helen Azevedo was the first editor.

Orcutt Mineral Society was

founded in 1958, and was named after William Orcutt, a geologist and Civil engineer who worked in the Santa Maria Valley as a District manager for Union oil Company in 1888. In 1989, William Orcutt discovered the mineral and fossil wealth of the La Brea Tar Pits on the property of Captain Alan Hancock. The La Brea Tar Pits are one of the most significant fossil finds in paleontological history. The OMS is a non-profit club dedicated to stimulating an interest in the earth sciences. The club offers educational programs, field trips, scholarships, and other opportunities for families and individuals to pursue an interest in collecting and treatment of lapidary materials, fossils, gems, minerals, and other facets of the Earth Sciences. In addition, another goal of this Society is to promote good fellowship, and proper ethics in pursuit of the Society's endeavors. Operating Rules have been set forth to guide the Officers and members of the Society in accomplishing these aims. Affiliations of the OMS include American Federation of Mineral Societies, and California Federation of Mineral Societies

Saturday 9AM June 23, 2007 9am. to 10 a.m.	At "Pappy's" Restaurant at 1275 E. Betteravia Road, Santa Maria.
--	--

July 2007 Calendar

Tuesday July 3, 2007 7:00 p.m. to 8:30 p.m.	OMS Board Meeting-Elwin Mussell Senior Center. All members are welcome at this business meeting.
Saturday July 21, 2007 8:00am till 5:00 pm	Field Trip to Jalama Beach-Meet at Mussell Senior Center parking lot. Spend a summer day at the beach collecting agate, travertine and fossils. Bring a lunch and water. Can be very windy. Contact Bob Bullock at 928-6372 for details
Tuesday July 10, 2007 7:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m.	OMS General Meeting-Elwin Mussell Senior Center. <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Program-Ralph Bishop on "Something Amazing." • Display-1 foot x 1 foot display, anything goes • Refreshments-Pies
Saturday July 14, 2007 8:00 a.m. to 10:00 a.m.	Roadside Clean up After the cleanup, coffee and pastry
Saturday July 21, 2007 9:00 a.m. to 10:30 a.m.	OMS Breakfast to be announced

2007-OMS Officers

Pres.	Debbie Hood	(805) 481-6860
Pres. Elect	Wayne Mills	(805) 481-3495
Secretary	Elaine Von Achen	(805) 929-1488
Treasurer	Wes Lingerfelt	(805) 929-3788
Immed. Past Pres.	Bob Bullock	(805)928-6372
Federation. Rep.	Wes Lingerfelt	(805) 929-3788

2007-OMS Board Members

Geary Scheffer	(805) 925-8009
Sylvia Nasholm	(805) 481-0923
Sandy Berthelot	(805) 349-3977
Dee-Dee Magri	(805) 595-2755
Mike Henson	(805) 934-1308

Ore-Cutts Editors

Deborah Hood	(805) 481-6860
Wayne Mills	(805) 481-3495

OMS Webmaster - Wes Lingerfelt -929-3788

June 2007 Calendar

Tuesday June 5, 2007 7:00 p.m. to 8:30 p.m.	OMS Board Meeting-Elwin Mussell Senior Center. All members are welcome at this business meeting.
Saturday June 9, 2007 10:00 AM -3:00 pm	Semi-Annual Meeting & BBQ at Pioneer Park bring a dish to share and rocks for the silent auction.
Saturday June 16, 2007 8:00 am till 5:00pm	Field Trip to Gaviota & Capitan Beaches to look for whale bone, fossils and concretions. Meet at Mussell Senior Center. Bring sunscreen, lunch and water. Contact Bob Bullock at 928-6372 for details

Check out our OMS web site at <http://omsinc.org> or send e-mail to info@omsinc.org.

Ore-Cutts Photo Credits: photographs used in this bulletin were taken by Wayne Mills & Wes Lingerfelt except where noted.

OMS Membership (dues) are \$18 per year. Junior memberships (under 18) are \$9 per year. Membership dues are due January 1, and are prorated for each month thereafter. Membership Chairperson is Elaine Von Achen (805) 929-1488

June 2-3 2007, Glendora, CA

Glendora Gems
859 E. Sierra Madre
Hours: Sat. 10 - 5; Sun. 10 - 4
Bonnie Bidwell (626) 963-4638
Email: YBidwell2@aol.com

June 2-3 2007, La Habra, CA

North Orange County Gem & Mineral Society
La Habra Community Center
101 W. La Habra Blvd.
Hours: 9 - 5 both days
Don Warthen

June 15-17 2007, Lancaster, CA

Palmdale Gem & Mineral Club
Antelope Valley Fairgrounds
Hours: 9-5 Daily
Email: pgmc@antelecom.net
Web www.palmdalegems.org
Show [Information](#)
Show [Forms](#)
\$1.00 off General Admission [Coupon](#)

Orcutt Mineral Society, Inc.

PO Box 106

Santa Maria, CA. 93456-0106

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

CALIFORNIA FEDERATION of MINERALOGICAL SOCIETIES
68th Annual Tri-State Convention and Show
Hosted By
Palmdale Gem and Mineral Club
Celebrating 50 Years in Palmdale
Featuring the best in
Gem, Mineral, Fossil, Jewelry, Beads and Lapidary Art
Over 50 Dealers in the Poppy Pavilion
Lapidary Art Demonstrations and Displays in the JP Eliopoulos Pavilion

Special Events
Metal Detecting Demonstrations and Treasure Hunt-
Classic Car and RV Show—Rusty Relics Antique Cars & Tractor Display
Guided Field Trips Daily to Near By Collecting Areas
General Admission \$5.00 Adult— Seniors (60+) and Students (15-18) \$3.50
Under 15 Free when Accompanied with a paid Adult
Fair Parking \$3.00

CALIFORNIA FEDERATION of MINERALOGICAL SOCIETIES
68th Annual Tri-State Convention and Show
ANTELOPE VALLEY FAIR GROUNDS
June 15, 16, 17, 2007
9:00 AM TO 5:00 PM
Visit www.palmdalegems.org

This Coupon is good for \$1.00 off General Admission when presented at the Show
(One coupon per person)

July 14-15 2007, Culver City, CA

Culver City Rock & Mineral Club
Culver City Veteran's Memorial Complex
Culver City Veteran's Memorial Auditorium
4117 Overland Avenue
Hours: Sat. 10 - 6; Sun. 10 - 5
Website: CulverCityRocks.org
Phone: (310) 836-4611

